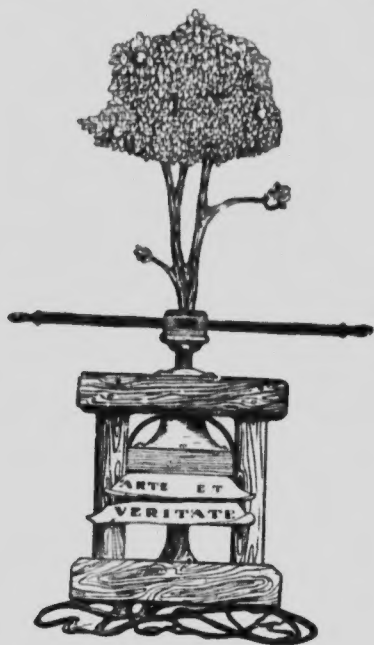




Summer Songs In Idlennesse

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*To my nearest friend, my Father, this little
book is lovingly dedicated.*



Contents

<i>A June Idyll</i>	-	-	-	-	9
<i>The Chaplet of Sorrow</i>	-	-	-	-	24
<i>Love's Retreat</i>	-	-	-	-	24
<i>The Return of Summer</i>	-	-	-	-	24
<i>The Love-Wraith</i>	-	-	-	-	26
<i>To An Easter Lily</i>	-	-	-	-	27
<i>The Wildflower</i>	-	-	-	-	28
<i>The Moonbeam and the Star</i>	-	-	-	-	31
<i>Despair</i>	-	-	-	-	32
<i>Penthesilea</i>	-	-	-	-	32
<i>Persephone's Footsteps</i>	-	-	-	-	38
<i>Aftermath</i>	-	-	-	-	39
<i>Lost Love</i>	-	-	-	-	39
<i>The Dead Day</i>	-	-	-	-	40
<i>Life</i>	-	-	-	-	41
<i>Hope</i>	-	-	-	-	42
<i>A Legend of the Isles of Shoals</i>	-	-	-	-	43
<i>Dead Love</i>	-	-	-	-	50
<i>The Rosary</i>	-	-	-	-	51
<i>The Hymn of the Lilies</i>	-	-	-	-	51
<i>A Song of June</i>	-	-	-	-	53

<i>Slumber-Song</i>	-	-	-	-	57
<i>The Dream-Swing</i>	-	-	-	-	57
<i>The Fairies Linen</i>	-	-	-	-	58
<i>The Wishing-Bird</i>	-	-	-	-	59
<i>Heartsease</i>	-	-	-	-	60
<i>Dandelions</i>	-	-	-	-	61
<i>Lullaby</i>	-	-	-	-	61
<i>The Magic Gate</i>	-	-	-	-	62
<i>The Sunbeam's Hiding-Place</i>	-	-	-	-	63
<i>The Secret</i>	-	-	-	-	63
<i>The Palace of Delight</i>	-	-	-	-	64
<i>The Fairies' Spinning</i>	-	-	-	-	65
<i>The Crow's Song</i>	-	-	-	-	66
<i>Where Sun-Shades Grow</i>	-	-	-	-	67
<i>The Dream-Rabbit</i>	-	-	-	-	68
<i>Cradle Song</i>	-	-	-	-	69
<i>The Concert</i>	-	-	-	-	70
<i>Hushaby</i>	-	-	-	-	71

Summer Songs
In Idleness



A JUNE IDYLL

I

It was June.
June the enchantress; glorious, golden June!
Who, by the power of her beauty, won
From Summer, in the ages long gone by,
Promise, ere to his love she did consent,
To deck her with more fulness of his gifts
Than all the Months who him had held in sway:
Mistresses of his fleeting, hot desire.
And overcome by her great loveliness,
The God of Sunshine, and of myriad flowers,
Did to her pleading yield its full replete:
So that the wanton comes to us, still clad
In all the wondrous jewels granted her
From Nature's treasure-house, the teeming
Earth.
And, seeing her thus clothed in emerald green,
A garland of wild-roses on her hair,
Whose curls are like young tendrils of a vine,
Her lovely face so seeming innocent,—
Summer with rapture hails her: and for leave
To clasp her radiant form in close embrace,
Pours ever fresh libations at her feet.
'Tis in this wise that each succeeding year
She, to our senses, doth more beautiful appear.

II

In early morn
I wended forth to watch the World awake,
And hear the wondrous voices of the Dawn
That whispered, as the silent form of Night
Passed, noiseless, to her unknown resting-place.

Then, as the shadow of her garments grey
 Vanished before the rising of the Sun,
 The birds began to twitter, in the joy
 Of swift-returning Day; and in the east
 The opalescent tints that paint the sky
 Ere the great Orb of Light to human eye
 Is visible, 'gan change their pearly hues,
 And golden arrows shot through crimson clouds
 And the bright Sun-god all revealed stood:
 When in the air was heard the wordless hymn
 That Nature, through innumerable voices,
 chants
 At the return of Light, and Life, and Joy:
 While all entranced, I bowed my head before
 That majesty of harmony complete,
 Where never note of discord reached the ear.
 Thus smiling Earth makes each returning day
 One of Thanksgiving, and each morn does sing
 Thanksgiving Odes to the great Sun, her Royal
 King.

III

In my heart
 I pondered, as I watched the break of Day,
 What subtle influence o'er Man is cast
 To render him insensate to the joys
 Of life amidst the birds, and trees, and flowers.
 Why do we rather love to cast our lot
 Where the incessant grind of daily toil
 Can not but strike in our unwilling ears
 The strident notes of Sorrow, and of Care?
 Or else, in chatter of unwitting fools,
 We lose the heaven-born gift, to understand
 The mysteries of Silence, and of Rest.
 He who hath insight into the deep heart
 Of Nature, as revealed to inner mind,

Is happier in the quiet of the fields
Than learned Fool or grave Philosopher,
Who, in the train of speculative thought,
Loses the golden grain for which he gropes,
And having fashioned from his weary brain
A monument to enclose the precious seed,
Finds, at the last, it has escaped his ken.
For who can tell whence came the Germ of Life
That, from the nebulae of Ages past
Through endless forms has striven, and
Man evolved at last?

IV

And musing thus,
I traced my footsteps o'er a little bridge
That crossed a brooklet in a shady place.
Tall elms grew high, on either side the stream,
And grasses long, in lush, green, tender tints,
Where early dragon-flies were fluttering;
And the bright iridescence of their wings
Lent rainbow colors to the trembling air.
An oriole had hung his nest on high,
And golden-throated, lilted to his mate.
The waters of the brooklet at my feet
Dimpled and danced, reflecting fair the rays
The Sun threw o'er its bosom. As I stood
I caught the glimmer of a sweet wild-rose
That turned it's pinky blossoms to the sky;
And close beside it, nestling 'neath it's shade,
A snow-white daisy nodded with the breeze;
A tender flower with a heart of gold,
The joy of all true lovers, who pretend
To read the future by the old, old game
Of "Love-me," "Love-me-not." For secret hid

Within the clusters of those petals white,
Lies the soft charm that may true hearts in love
unite.

V

While yet I paused,
A robin, bolder than his comrades, came
And settled on the railing of the bridge.
As with his bright, dark eye he at me gazed,
I silent stood, and closer still he came,
Uttering sweet notes within his cheery throat;
His red vest spread with Aldermanic pride.
Anon he burst forth into joyous song,
As suddenly he winged his swift, short, flight
Into the green elm-branches overhead,
Where, nesting, sat the Mother of his brood,
Whose voice responded, rapturous, to his call.
Dear, downy householders, whose throbbing
hearts
Are filled with that sweet love which kindled is
By one small spark of Heaven's immortal flame,
Which grants us all we know of things Divine.
Poor tiny Redbreasts! Yours' the fate of all
Whose lives are bound in ties of tenderness.
To love is but to court a certain grief,
For partings come, and Death spares never one.
'Oh, cruel Master of the Fate of Man!'—
My musings led me thus—'whose fell, dread
power
Rends bleeding hearts, and turns them into
stone,
My soul revolts, as thy supremacy I grudging
own.'

VI

Saddened I turned.
In that sweet spot, no longer might I stay,

But wandered further in vain quest of peace:
And 'neath a spreading chestnut, down I lay
To watch the bees their honeyed stores increase.
They sucked the nectar from the fragrant
 blooms,

And darting in and out with gleaming breast,
A humming-bird, led by the sweet perfumes,
Flitted above my chosen place of rest.
I watched his glistening throat, and heard the
 whirr

His small wings made, as daintily he dipped
His bill within the blossoms; nor made stir
That might him startle, while his food he sipped.
The tiny thing, like dart of quickened light,
Vanished as suddenly as he had come;
He seemed a living sunbeam, glancing bright;
And, booming, still was heard the bee's low
 hum.

The drowsy, still monotony of sound
Had almost lulled my senses to repose,
When starting up, I quickly glanced around,
And instant to my feet I then arose.

VII

It was my Lady.

Far fairer than the dawn itself, was she.
She stood before me like some holy thing;
A vision seen by saints of earlier days,
Her beauty was so rare, so exquisite.
Her pure soul gazed from those clear wells of
 love

Her eyes;—so blue, the very sky above
Might envy their calm depths of loveliness.
All clad in white she stood, and on her lips

A tender smile there hovered. On her breast
A single rose, as white as her true soul,
Heaved with her gentle breathing. Her soft
hair

Was all uncovered, and the sunbeams played
Among those golden tresses, joyed to find
They glory caught, what time they lingered
there.

So light had been her step, I had not known
Her presence, till I heard the trailing sound
Of her soft robes, as by my side she came.
One little hand to me she now outstretched
In gentle greeting; and upon my knee
I dropped, and clasping it, kissed it right
reverently.

VIII

Then by her side
I wandered o'er the meadow, holding still
Within mine own that cool, soft, tender palm,
Which had within its keeping, all myself:--
My love, my life, even my immortal soul.
Her goodness was to me the present sign
That Angels live through time in endless
purity.

And as we went, a silence as of joy
Too deep for clothing with mere shells of words,
Rested upon us; till at last we stood
At entrance of a dim, enchanting wood,
Before an ancient ruin, mantled o'er
With clinging ivy, that in gentle wise
Covered the black remains of blasted tower,
Making the ugly, beautiful. Then she spoke
And from those lips each word that fell, to me
Was dearer than God's eloquence had been.

"See:" she exclaimed "how Time in kindness
Sends gentle ministrants to those in pain.
That rugged ruin in its tender dress
Foreshadows what a sorrowing soul may gain
Through patient waiting 'neath the chastening
rod;
Even a closer hold on Nature, and on Nature's
God."

IX

She paused,
And I made answer "If through Time and space
Of all Eternity, through ageless years,
The end of Man to sorrow was foredoomed,
Why have created that poor piece of clay?
The being who alone has power to feel
The anguish of an overweening grief,
Through Memory, his heritage of life
Unshared by happier creatures. Pain and woe
Are, it is true, the common lot of all,
But on the lower forms of life, forgetfulness
Rests like a blessed balm, that cools the smart,
And heals the bleeding wound's quick agony.
It is not so with Man. The scar is there,
And though the festering sore is all unseen
It eats into the heart, and kills alike
The kindest impulses of love, and hope."
I spoke in bitterness, but seeing then
My words had caused that gentle one some pain,
I begged her to forgive what I had said
To hurt her; and we sat us down to rest
Within the shade of that old ivied tower.
And once again a silence o'er us fell:
A silence that we loved, and understood,—
I and my Gabrielle.

X

Anon I rose,
 And gath'ring a cluster of young ivy-leaves
 I wove them in a crown of tender green,
 And placed the garland on my Lady's head.
 She smiled, and in her radiant beauty clad
 Like some fair vestal priestess did appear.
 The blackbirds trilled their high, sweet notes
 in air,
 And through the leaves the Sunlight filtered
 down,
 Making a golden network on the grass
 That spread beneath my Gabrielle's small feet.
 In the near background, gleamed a vivid
 splash:—
 A single buttercup. Some chance wind had
 blown
 Its parent seed into this spot remote,
 From distant meadow, that it might here shine
 To render still more beautiful one hallowed hour.
 For, in my Lady's presence, life to me
 Grew holy, from the all-pervading charm
 Of her pure innocence: which did proclaim
 The soul that was enshrined in her fair form
 To be within itself, a sacred thing,
 Which must, of right, lay claim to heritage
 Of everlasting peace. This, though a doubter, I,
 And given to railing both at Faiths and Creeds,
 Which oft are made a cloak for most unholy
 deeds.

XI

"Oh, Love!" I cried, "That this fair hour could
 last:
 With you, my soul no more is overcast.

The tumults of my longing heart, are stilled.
In your sweet presence, where each want is
filled.

The sun that shines upon your golden hair,
I envy for his right to nestle there.

Fain would I be the rose that fades upon your
tender breast,

That dying, I might cling the closer to my
chosen rest "

XII

With pitying tears

Gabrielle looked upon me, for she knew
The lingering madness that was in my veins.
And all her gentle heart went out to me
As selfishly I uttered thus my plaint.
Then did remorse reproach me, for I felt
Her suffering was all akin to mine;
And praying her forgiveness once again,
I did entreat, that she to spare my love
Would stay those tears which anguished all my
soul.

"And Sweet!" I said, in interval of calm,
"I fain would read a sonnet to you here,
The latest offspring of my fevered brain.
For when at night the moon has gone to rest,
And darkness mantles all the silent world
Of blackness and of shadows, then the thought
Of your fair image, set in saintliness,
Prevents me from that last and lonely leap
Into Eternal Silence: and my brain
Finds its relief in turning for your praise
Verses and songs of simple melody."
Thus spake I, and when I to read began,
She lent her ear to my poor verses as they ran.

XIII

SONNET

White Moon! Would I were cold and pure as
thou,
Shedding thy silent beauty over Earth;
And veiling sullen Night's majestic brow
With misty glory of ethereal birth.
To the deep waters of the restless Sea
Lending a matchless loveliness, the while
They own thy sway, and longing, turn to thee,
As fainting Darkness fades beneath thy smile.
Yet not so cold, but that I might in love
Upon my sleeping Lady's pillow rest,
And watch her heart-beats, like a fluttering dove
Caged in the whiteness of her tender breast.
Till in the ecstasy of that sweet place
I floated, through Death's portals, into space.'
I paused, and gazed into my Lady's face,
And low sweet words she spoke, that thrilled
my heart;
The treasure of her pure and saint-like grace
Dissolved the poison's sting, that caused my
brain to throb and smart.
As sunbeams in the trembling summer air
Are held in thralldom by love of June,
The discord of my being melted there
Into one blest and all-pervading harmony of
tune.

XIV

And o'er my thoughts
There fell the twilight of the evening's calm,

And she the one lone Star of radiance clear
Shining within my soul: as oftentimes
When the last blush of sunset, speeding home,
Has faded from the pallid cheek of Heaven,
The first bright Star of eve in gracious pity
Rises, 'o lend new beauties to that face
The Sun's departure had bereft of joy.
So to mind the light of Gabrielle's love
Lent calm: and stilled the wild tempestuous
flood

Of fantasies that seethed within my blood:
My heritage—with those fair acres wide
O'er which I hold the sway of ownership.
Oh, darkling curse! the heaviest known to blight
The human race down the far-reaching years;
Before the hour of birth thou art instilled
Into the victim's veins, a poisoned taint.
My vows are ta'en that I shall not impart
This deadly seed to wreck another's fate.
Yet could I cherish with o'erweening tenderness,
Fair children—pledges of a fruitful love;
Links 'twixt our fleshly passion, and fire born
above.

XV

Life is a shadow that fleeteth down the long
eons of Time,
Till by Love's fire invoked, it assumeth a shape
sublime:
But soon, from the heart that enshrines it,
flutters it forth again.
Is it a Dream or Reality? Pleasure or Greater
Pain?

Back to the shades it returneth; but who from
their dimness will speak
Or give up the secret they cherish, to those
who in sorrow shall seek?
Sadness is struck from the Harp-strings that
rest in invisible hands;
Tears are the notes of their music, a grief-laden
soul understands.

Pleadings are answered by Silence; white are
Love's ashes and cold;
Truth is enshrouded in mystery, nor will the
secret unfold.
Knowledge her dim face is hiding; she with
stern Death cannot cope.
Clutched by the grim hand of Destiny, gone is
her watchword of Hope.

All the bright eras of glory that down through
the centuries roll,
Are born from the womb of Despair, and Death
is their terrible toll.
Victory, shouting through trumpets, drowns
the low cry of Defeat:
Only the Echoes have heard her bemoan her
dead Love's winding-sheet.

Side by side through all ages, travel sorrow and
joy,
Gladness that's born for an hour, care hovers
near to destroy.

Light is fast followed by Darkness, as Life is
pursued by swift Death
King of the Shadows, who wieldeth his sceptre
o'er all who draw breath.

XVI

And now the Sun
Had risen high in Heaven, and I knew
The hour had come when my dear Love and I
Must leave our sweet retreat, and wander forth
Into the open. For the tenure frail
Which holds the Soul within its narrow bounds
Must needs, in fasting, soon betray its trust.
But ere we rose we watched a squirrel small
Run gaily to a limb hung overhead,
Where, sitting fearless, its thick brush and coat
Of tawny red, and bright, dark-glist'ning eye
Made such a spot of color and of life
As to enthrall our fancy. Then with sound
Of joyful chatter, swift it turned, and leaped
Into the higher branches and was gone.
That broke the spell of Silence; and forthwith
We journeyed out from our dear resting-place
And wandered homeward, through a shadowed
walk
Where the tall trees in meeting far o'erhead
Formed a vast dome, as in Cathedral high:
And gleams of shimmering sunlight flecked our
path
With patterns such as fair stained glass does
cast
Across dim aisles; and the sweet singing birds
That called in plaintive echoes through the
woods,

Alone broke all the holy stillness, where
Our hearts made silent reverence, which was
akin to prayer.

XVII

'Neath our feet
Dried needles of the Pine made carpet soft,
And noiseless were our footsteps where they fell:
In deeper glades the snow-white mush-rooms
grew
With those of pinker shades, and tawny hue.
Climbing about the stem of giant oak
The wild wood-bramble threw its straggling
cloak;
And fern-fronds peeped beneath the shaded
trees,
Securely hidden from each truant breeze.
While hardy bracken as a sentinel stood
O'er tender blossoms in that quiet wood.
The grey-green lichen on a boulder spread,
Gave softer outlines to its rugged head:
And far within the covert, dappled deer
For one brief second's time would there appear:
Then, startled, into darker thicket leap,
And vanish in the shadows greenly deep.
The bright soft mosses covering buried stones
Like velvet cushions lay our path beside,
And dark with age, the last year's fallen cones
In hollows of the ground lay brown and dried.
A sweet wild-cherry's blossoms, as they fell,
Threw flakes of snow upon us ere we left this
bosky dell.

XVIII

We passed the stile
That led us into open fields again.
Some fleecy clouds had gathered in the skies,
Beside their whiteness Heaven seemed more
blue,
But never bluer than my dear Love's eyes,
Those azure stars, unrivalled in their hue.
The grasshopper among the grasses long
Hopped briskly to and fro with noisy stir:
The crickets sang their cheerful, chirping song
And locusts flew, with idle, noisy whirr.
Anon we paused to gather clover sweet
Growing in clusters that perfumed the air;
Its buds were drooping in the noon-day heat,
A golden heat that made the earth more fair.

XIX

And slowly thus we wended on our way
Until at last we entered those great gates
Which bar the path to Gabrielle's demesne.
And up the long and winding avenue,
Pausing at last before a stately pile
Whose wide and columned porch did it proclaim
A relic of the old Colonial days.
And having from my Lady taken leave
I homeward passed; and that most perfect day
For me did end, when she whom I conceived
To be the sweet embodiment of Love
Had with pure heart, and fair young beauty
dight,
Vanished like white-robed spirit from my long-
ing sight.

THE CHAPLET OF SORROW

Life is a chaplet of Sorrows
Of which the clasp is Death.
The frail small links of Happiness
Are shivered at a breath.
Thus one by one are lost the pearls
Which thread the slender chains;
Till but the firm unbroken clasp
Of Death, to us remains.

LOVE'S RETREAT

I banished Love from out my thoughts
And bade him swift take flight,
With drooping head, his wings he spread,
And vanished from my sight.

But soon I knew his hiding-place
And felt his white winged dart;
Not far he'd fled but straightway sped
For refuge to my heart.

THE RETURN OF SUMMER

Down through the shimmering, shining aisles of
Spring
Young Summer comes to Earth, new gifts to
bring.

Beneath her feet blue violets blow
And where she lightly passes,
The daffodils all golden glow
Among the new green grasses.

She touches with her finger-tips
The tufted clumps of clover;
And straight the bee rich honey sips
From blossoms brimming over.

She smiles upon the poppy-beds,
Where sunbeams rest from playing,
And painted beauties raise their heads:
Fair lights-o'-love gone straying.

She gazes with her gentian eyes
Upon the budding hedges,
Where brambles, climbing towards the skies,
Are flaunting ragged edges.

The sweet syringa, stooping low,
Her floating hair caresses.
All perfumed are its blooms of snow
By contact with her tresses.

Her trailing robes of turquoise-green
Are fringed with lilies golden:
While daisies nestle neath their sheen,
And whisper love-themes olden.

But to the Rose a kiss she gives
And on her breast it blooms and lives.

Thus each fair June we hail this flower's
 birth
And know that Summer dwells again on Earth.

THE LOVE-WRAITH

I wandered alone on the shore, where the moon-
rays white
Spread o'er the flowing waters, their clear,
pearled light.
And adown the path from the dusky, green-
deep-glade
Floated a shape of beauty,—a rose-fair maid.

Like shadowed vision of fancy, dimly sweet,
Neared the echoless tread, of her small,
sandalled, feet.
And lo, as swift beside me she noiseless came,
My soul was steeped in trembling, through a
white love-flame.

I drew her to my heart, and her parted lips I
pressed
As her clinging, tender, weight lay soft against
my breast,
While I drank a Lethe-Nectar, from her eyes'
deep wells,
Within whose solemn mystery dim silence
dwells.

The floating, star-crowned, tresses of her dusky
hair
Framed a pale sad beauty, almost unearthly
fair.
And I felt from her dear sweetness it were as
death to part,
As I clasped her close, and closer, to my strain-
ing heart.

I heard the green-rush shiver where the waters
lapped,
And the night in voiceless mystery was deeply
wrapped;
Till through the sighing tree-tops a wind-song
swept,
As low on the horizon gath'ring storm-clouds
crept.

Then mocking laughter sounded from false lips
I had kissed,
And the gracious form within my arms dissolved
in mist:—
It was but a fairy-wraith I had loved and wooed,
The white and mystic Spirit of untroubled
Solitude.

TO AN EASTER LILY

Fair Flower! Emblem of a spotless Soul
Blooming in beauty set by Faith apart.
Thy Saint-white loveliness has reached the goal
Of pure oblation through thy golden heart.
Thy perfumed chalice, consecrate to God,
Is lifted high in adoration meet:
The while thou hast in tender love bestowed
Swung incense at thy Saviour's nail-pierced
feet.
Oh! teach me then the lesson of thy perfect
life,
Untouched by stain or sin, and free from world-
born strife.

THE WILDFLOWER

The sedgy grasses by the tiny pool
Waved in the tender breeze of evening cool.
And I was waiting 'neath the trysting tree
For Katie, my dear love, to come to me.

I heard her singing as she blithely crossed
The brook that trickled through the meadow
wide.

And every moment seemed a jewel lost
While yet my dear was absent from my side.

"Oh! bonny Kate" I cried "Sweetheart make
haste"—

As meeting her beside the turning stile
I slipped my arm around her lissom waist,
And joyful caught her pretty, greeting smile.

The dimples in her rosy cheeks
Are prints of Cupid's fingers;
And ever when she smiles or speaks
The small God near them lingers.

The blue sunbonnet on her chestnut hair
She loosened, and the balmy evening air
Rippled her curls and lifted them in play,
While I was pleading for our marriage-day.

The Moon was rising slowly o'er the hill—
A full-orbed Queen in golden splendor dressed;
Low was the tinkling murmur of the rill,
And Katie's hand within mine own did rest.

"Oh! nut-brown hand so gentle and so small"
I cried, and clasped it closer in content;

And in the shadow of the chestnut tall
Her fair head down against my shoulder leant.

The nut-brown of her wavy hair
With finest gold is threaded.
I'll deck it out with white pearls rare
When she and I are wedded.

For Katie is a simple village maid
With heart as pure as when a child she played
She knows not that I came of noble birth,
But loves me, for what I through Love am
worth.

I will transplant this sweet and lovely flower
And make her mistress of green acres wide:
This blossom set within a fairer bower
Will grow in beauty, blooming by my side.

These were the thoughts that flitted through
my mind
As, in the moonlight, neath the trysting tree,
An answer in her face I sought to find,
And strove her lovely, laughing, eyes to see.

When she those two twin flow'rets blue
From lashes dark unveileth,
Beside their deep cerulean hue,
The Heaven's azure paleth.

The Whip-poor-will was sounding his sweet
note
From his retreat in woodlands far remote.
The moon had risen higher in her course.
And love had probed my being's inmost source.

No tender wild-rose, blooming in the shade,
Was half so dainty in its blushing grace,
As my pure-hearted little village-maid,
Who raised her sweet eyes as I scanned her
face.

And in those lovely wells of living light
I read my answer and her lips I pressed—
Her rosebud mouth enclosing pearls
milk-white,—
And drew my darling closer to my breast.

Her dimpled face is sweetly gay
With laughter brimming over.
Her breath is like the flowering May
Outvying perfumed Clover.

As home we later went, my Love and I
The myriad stars were shining far o'er head.
A beamy brightness overspread the sky,
And silvery moonlight round our path was shed.

A fire of gladness did my sense pervade;
E'er seven sunsets Kate my bride would be.
Her promise in my soul such radiance made
As when soft moonbeams wed the shining sea.

And as the gracious Queen of Heaven waned
low,
A sinking splendor o'er a silent sphere,
Time's finger touched the dial hand to show
The hour of our parting, too, was near.

We said farewell beside the porch,
In whispered words half-spoken.
While Love held high his flaming torch
Until the spell was broken.

THE MOONBEAM AND THE STAR

A bright Star sang to a Moon-beam
A low and tender song.
And the soft winds played on the hill-tops
Where the grass waved green and long.
The bonny Daisies listened,
Tucked deep in their dewy beds;
And their hearts drank in the music
As they bowed their snowy heads.

For the pleading sound of the Star-song,
Floating from Heaven to Earth,
Was sweet as the voice of Æolian harp,
Which the wind has brought to birth.
And the Moonbeam, shyly hiding,
In a flower's tender breast,
Quivered with half-waked yearning
To yield to its love's behest.

The bright Star paled with longing
For its throbbing heart's desire:
And the Moonbeam thrilled and trembled
As it first knew Love's dear fire.
Then out of its shadow creeping,
To the waiting star it flew,
And silence fell as they mingled
And Life's completeness knew.

DESPAIR

Into a crystal Sea of Tears
The river of Time flows down the years.
The stream is narrow, and long, and deep,
And its smoothest banks are rugged and steep.
Though sunlit gleams fleck the water's breast,
They are swiftly lost in a great unrest,
Where the rapids of Sorrow foam and whirl,
Engulfing Happiness in their swirl:
On those dark reefs where are always found
The wrecks of Hopes that have run aground.
The skies may smile where the stream runs
 slow
But the thunderbolt of pain
Is lying in rest, where the clouds hang low
In the gathering gloom, as the waters flow
Into the sullen Main.
And Grief will flash like a lightning dart,
Into the core of an aching heart.
When the storm has gathered across the sea
That breaks on the shores of Eternity;
Where the River of Time is lost to sight
In the shadowed gloom of an endless night.

PENTHESILEA

Dark was the night, save, where in Heaven's
 Vault
The myriad stars were gleaming, diamond
 bright,
Like vivid jewels set in ebon crown. -
Till from the East the Queenly Moon arose.
And sailing lofty o'er the arched space,

Shone with a light so cold, so clear, so pure,
The Stars, her subjects, dimmed and paled
before her.

Down on the Earth the streaming, silver flood
Cast such fair radiance that the Echoes woke—
—The Slumbering Echoes, bedded in deep
clefts—

And asked the Silence of the wondering Night
If this indeed were Day. The voices then
Of the beautiful children of the Night
Came forth through the jangling thrilling
harmonies.

And Dawn was gone to rest. And the white
Moon

Rose to her Zenith, and pursued her course,
Towards the horizon shadowed deeply black
Against the western sky: while far beneath,
Where touched the glory of her Majesty,
A path across the waters shimmered fair
As if the elves, with moonbeams for their ships,
Were holding a regatta on the deep.

It was the solemn hour that comes between
The midnight, and the opalescent Dawn,
And on the mountain tops of ancient Greece
The clouds were resting, waiting for the morn
When the great Sun, their mighty God should
rise,

And, by the power of his glance of fire
Dissolve them into rain, or misty dew.
And while the Moon was sinking to her rest,
Penthesilea, all untouched by Sleep,
Sat 'neath the shadow of a giant oak;
Nor yet the wondrous beauty of the scene
Appealed to her! For in her inner mind

She saw alone the fatal dark resolve
The morrow must fulfil. Her outward eye
Rested, unseeing, on the hills below,
Reaching, in undulations to the plain,
Where must be fought that Morrow's deadly
true.

The Queen of all the Amazons had sought
This spot remote, in which to hold her home
With her own hand, so armed with noble pair,
Not that she thought of Hector's arms, when
Ever unyielding she stood before his spear,
A true descendant of her race, a woman true,
Felt but the joy which comes a hero's hands
When with her flashing sword, red-hot
breasts,
She plunged into the thickest of the fight.

Nay! But she late had had a glorious dream
And sudden woke awaking from sleep,
— Or so she deemed it. — One who was possessed
Of God-like beauty, and whose courage high
Had never yielded yet to man's strong arm,
Had freely given up to his son's Kiss
Her charms in full surrender, with glad heart
Believing that true Love was all in all.
Alas! It had but proved a bitter-sweet
That withered as she held it in her touch.
Achilles, winner of her virgin beauty,
Wearied, ere many moons had run their course,
And the proud Queen, too sick, had taken oath
To follow him with vengeance to the death.
Long had she watched from the plains of Troy
Until Achilles joined the enemy's train
Fought over one fair woman, in whose cause
The blood of thousands poured like fountains
free.

So that all Earth resounded with the tale.
Penthesilea, on the mountain-side,
Gloomily brooded over all her wrong,
And longed to hate Achilles yet the more.
But as the hour drew near when he perchance
By her own hand would meet a bloody doom,
—For so she had sworn it—then her woman's
heart

Kept soft repeating "He is still your Love!"
And she with fierce resistance strove to quell
The tumult in her overladen breast.
She knew the secret spot which rendered him,
Her traitor-love, to mortals vulnerable.
How, when his Mother plunged him in the
Styx,

His one heel had alone remained untouched
By the strange waters of the infernal stream
Of which to taste is certain death to man.
And brooding thus, the Amazonian Queen
Like some fair Statue of a Goddess seemed
Placed on the mount by Heaven's bounty kind,
That worshippers might come before her shrine,
And in the beauty of the silent hills
Adore in Nature, Nature's mighty God.

Strange that man builds his temples in the mart
Of teeming civilization;—where the streams
Of barter and of traffic circling past
Call souls to Earth, —not Heaven!—Rather
should

Choose some spot of Solitude and peace
And the Great Forces, all invisible,
At once potent to possess and thrill the mind,
And fill it with a longing for the things
Not of this world alone. Penthesilea thus
Musing on what the morrow did conceal

Saw the great Dawn awake, and lightly touch
The Mountains' crests with tinge of purple
 faint;

Then paint the sky in shades of golden-pink,
Fit for reception of the Glorious God
Who at his first appearance in the east,
Caused Day to blush into existence; when
Back rolled the clouds, and all the azure field
Of Heaven, couch of the world's glory, in
Revelation, and triumphed in

Per the day, even the night in vain
Struck the fates of the world, and in the herd
Amazons none feared. And with her hand
Of maiden warriors, summoned by her call
Flew o'er the plains, and into thickest fight
Where the world's glory, and the world's
Took the world's glory, and the world's
Of mankind outstares the world's glory,
O' the world's glory, and the world's glory,
She with her Amazons fought valiant till she
 stood

And faced the warrior. All unwitting he
Saw not that she was there, nor yet that one
Who knew the secret where his weakness lay
Was placed to use it. But beholding him
Close at her side, in all his manly strength,
Her heart was sudden melted, and she dropped
The weapon she had sharpened for his doom
He, blinded by the lust of Battle, turned
And smiting, ere he recked or whom or what,
Struck such a mighty blow, that down she sank
And, dying, gave one sad and swan like call.
"Achilles! Faithless one! I love thee still."
He heard, and madly leaping to her side,

Swift caught the Queenly form in close
 embrace;
 And seeing all the glory of her eyes
 Darkened in throes of Death: and her dusk hair
 Falling about her, 'neath her shattered helm,
 He uttered an exceeding bitter cry
 "Penthesilea! Nay! But speak to me,
 Oh! Rather had I felt from mine own heart
 The fiercest load flow, than see thee in such strait.
 Penthesilea! Speak! Alas! Thou'rt gone.
 A curse upon the hand that smote this blow.
 Ay! Even will I curse my very soul
 That I have wrought this sorry deed of woe;
 To have slain a thing so fair. Ah! dear, my
 Love,
 Could my poor body lie in place of thine
 How gladly would I yield me to my doom."
 And bearing her from out the thick-set fray,
 Thus the great warrior, humbled in his grief,
 Bowed o'er the form of her whose love for him
 Had been her own undoing. All the past
 Opened before him, and he felt the sting
 Of that envenomed scorpion Remorse.
 Oh! When from eyes all blinded by great grief
 The scabbling tears refuse to longer flow,
 Then that insidious reptile doth possess
 And rack our brains with torment for each look,
 Each word that might have best been left
 unsaid,
 And driving men to madness, still will strive
 To sting yet deeper. Thus Achilles felt
 A woe that would for aye his soul impress,
 While keeping vigil there beside the dead.
 Till o'er his anguish kindly, gentle Night
 Drew the soft mantle of her shadowed veil

And Sleep possessed him. Sleep the highest
gift
Of all the Gods to Mortals when in pain
Of mind or body. Sleep that gives to man
A foretaste of the Everlasting Rest.

PERSEPHONE'S FOOTSTEPS

CHLOE, A FERGUSON

Ere Pluto's rape of Ceres' daughter fair,
While glorious Spring breathed incense in the
air,

Where sweet Persephone unconscious strayed
Beside the fountain rippling in the shade,
Each step she took upon the new, green grass
Left print of Violets, as she swift did pass.
And where she kneeled to gather near the rill,
The golden blooming, fateful daffodil,
White lilies of the valley sprang to birth,
Where her light weight had rested close to
earth.

Ceres, beholding these new blossoms fair,
Earth's tribute to her daughter's beauty rare,
Was joyed to make their loveliness complete,
And crowned them with a perfume richly sweet.
'Tis thus each Springtime, we returning see
The traces of the lost Persephone.

AFTERMATH

Bluebells and fern leaves,
Deep in a woodland dell;
She gazed, leaning into her hand, at her feet,
And I gazed at her eyes, and not at her feet,
Remembering sweet days of our youth,
Which I could not possess, and she could not keep,
And now I gaze at the flowers, and not at her feet,
In the hope of the day when Violet-blue
And wedding bells shall be heard.

Bluebells and fern leaves,
Low on a mossy bank;
She has a smile, and I have a sigh,
And the low, deep sigh is not at her feet,
But with a heart at odds with the sky, and blue
The stars are cold, and I cannot see them,
She is gazing at me, and soon again
We shall meet in the Land beyond the view,
Where the River of Life is flowing.

LOST LOVE

I wandered seeking Love one night
Through the Valley of Desire;
And I called on his name with a heart of flame
And a pulse of throbbing fire.

But though I searched the whole night long
Sweet Love I did not see,
So I gathered the flowers of Passion's hours,
And the fruit of the evil tree.

At last one day Love sought me out
To lead me through his bowers ;
And I knew too late, it had been my fate,
To kill his fairest flowers.

For the snow white blooms of Innocence
Were all or crushed or stained :
And tears I shed that their petals dead
Alone to me remained.

THE DEAD DAY

Fair Day is dead and the twilight dim,
Cloaked in a mantle of misty gray,
Breathes o'er the bier an unworded hymn
Bemoaning her love that has passed away.

The air is heavy with incense rare
Swung by the silently-sorrowing flowers ;
Floating to Heaven their requiem prayer
With tears of dew, for the dear lost hours.

Slowly comes Night with the funeral pall
Laying it over the dead one's breast.
Solemnly lighting the candles tall
Which Stars hold high o'er the corse in rest.

Shadow to Darkness has given full birth.
Twilight has noiselessly crept away.
Silence is wrapped round the sorrowing earth,
Mourning the loss of the fair dead Day.

LIFE

Light ships afloat on a misty Sea
With pain in store.
Anchored by Love from Eternity
To Time's bleak shore.

The ropes that moor them to Happiness
Are cobwebs frail:
Ill can they bear the strain and stress
Of Sorrow pale.

The cable of Hope from the anchor slips
All worn by tears.
And out to sea drift the frail white ships
Mid doubts and fears.

But as Death's cold tide in the cruel night
Bears them away,
Who knows where they go as they pass from
sight
Into Distance grey ?

HOPE

Through the dim Valley of Fears there drifts
A sunbeam small called Hope.
At its touch, from the hollows the mist up lifts
Disclosing the glooms, through the opening
 mits,
Where the shades of Sadness grope.
But as Love's white rays throw a hallowed light
Over the silent vale,
The spectre of Sorrow fades from sight
As the waning night grows pale.
Then the dawn of Happiness fills the air
With a tremulous, golden glow,
And the pitiful phantoms evoked by Care
Into the past, must go.
While the Future is painted in roseate hues
By the touch of a waking Joy,
Whose magic gifts through the heart diffuse
And the ghosts of Pain destroy.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLES OF SHOALS

Down off the fair New England coast
Where the mighty Ocean rolls
Rugged and free and girt by the sea
Lie the lovely Isles of Shoals.

Low they rest mid the heaving Main
Where the breakers toss in glee,
And the wave that roars on their rock-bound
shores
Sings the song of the open sea.

The cry of the Sea gulls echoes shrill
And the surf booms on the shore,
As the tossing spray leaps high in play
On the cliffs of Appledore.

But the waters clear, round that rocky coast,
When they sink to a peaceful sleep
Neath the shimmering light of the sunbeams
bright
Are as sapphires, blue and deep.

And when dark at night on the open Main
A Sea-tossed vessel rolls,
It hails the light that is flashing white
From the far-off Isles of Shoals.

Beautiful spot so rugged and wild
A Gem of the Glorious Sea
Whether at rest on its heaving breast
Or lashed by its Tempest-gee.

Having the beauty of these Islands sung,
Whose deeper waters, hugging close their
shores,

Do seem to take a richer tint of blue
 Then sunlight smiles upon their waves in calm;
 As though the sky had stooped to kiss in love
 Her fair reflection on the Ocean's face,
 And left her image mirrored in his heart;—
 I will relate, how on these lonely rocks,
 Long years ago, a tragedy befell
 Upon that Isle long called Dark Smuttynose.
 There, once did live, some simple fisher folk
 In cabins built above a tiny bay
 Where Seaweed, undulating neath the wave,
 Cast purple shadows on the deepened green
 Of the slow-pulsing Sea. This inlet gave
 Protection 'gainst the storms that swept those
 shores
 When the great Ocean, loosing all his chains
 And rising to exert his mighty strength,
 Swept in high breakers, roaring with fierce joy
 Over those cliffs that did his Majesty
 Dare to defy, with sullen heads in air.
 One summer then, on gloomy Smuttynose
 Two fishermen above that inlet dwelt.
 Brothers, they were and one was newly wed;
 The other had a babe as well as wife.
 Their cabins stood together, side by side,
 Humble, though dear to those poor fisher-folk
 As were a palace to anointed King;
 For home is home or be it great or small.
 With him who had the child, a sister lived;
 Grethel her name, and she was fair as good,
 A gentle girl the comfort of his wife
 Who shared with her the care of that sweet
 babe,
 The living sunbeam in their life of toil.

One afternoon when calm the Ocean lay,
 Though clouds were in the distance
 hanging low,
 Nearer the shore, on the "fisher's ground," a fourth
 Within ten days fishing season
 Then he, with hope for aught but that same
 week,
 A mile or half had by then not been met
 "And," the men of the "fisher's ground" would
 have said,
 The wave will have me before long in the
 "fisher's ground."
 And the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 For the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 At the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 Could the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 Then the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 For the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 A just "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 The "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 By the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 That the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 And on the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 When the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 With the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 The "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 When the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 Descended the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 A boat had been a long time
 O the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 No light the "fisher's ground" had been a long time
 The fishers' wives had early gone to rest,
 And Grethe', too, was sunk in deep repose

They heard no sound, nor recked that
crouching form
Creeping so stealthily towards the first small
house
Where dwelt the new-made wife. A fair young
thing
She slept and dreamed her husband at her side,
And turned to clasp her arms about his neck,
When, with a groan, she felt her life's blood
gush
Forth from her heart, and on her throat a hand
Crushed back the cry that to her lips had risen.
One struggle faint, and that young life had sped
From Dreamland into Death. The murderer
then
Slowly about the tiny cabin groped
But found not that on which his soul was set;
So, with grim purpose fixed in his foul heart,
He to the other house did wend his way,
Again to barter human lives for gold :
And entering the chamber of his friend
Where slept that friend's loved wife, he
murdered her
With cruel blade plunged in her tender breast.
But the poor babe awoke, and startled cried :
When, with a mighty oath, the inhuman wretch
Having no pity in his heart of stone
Lighted a candle, and did swift proceed
To stab that little unprotected one.
A sudden scream of anguished terror wild
As he had done this thing unspeakable
Startled him, and he dropped the red-dyed
knife
And swiftly turned. There in the doorway
framed

He the white face of Grethel did behold ;
With staring eyes, she seemed as turned to
stone.

The fiend incarnate stooped to seize the knife
To swift complete his work of butchery,
But when he rose, and leapt towards the door,
Grethel had vanished into outer night.
With curses deep, he running did pursue
The flying figure of the white-robed girl
Until at last she faded from his sight :
For all the night was black as darkest Hell
And the low booming of the restless Sea
Sounded a dirge upon the rocky shore :
And Grethel knew where she had oft in sport
Hidden herself among the gloomy caves
That honeycomb the cliffs of Smuttynose :
And here she ran, unreasoning, in flight,
Guided by instinct, and a refuge sought.
And as she gained the deepest of those caves
Groping her way across the boulders strewn
About it's entrance, lo ! a whining cry
Broke on her ear, and at her naked feet
All cut and bruised by the sharp rocks she'd
crossed.

A tiny dog fawned whimpering. At the sound
Grethel with fear had all but swooned to death.
She heard the murderer stumbling in her wake
And knew if once he found her hiding place
Her fate was sealed. Swift, stooping, she did
lift

The tiny dog—it had belonged to Ilse
The babe, who ne'er would play with it again—
And held it to her breast. Then further pressed
Within the cavern and sank slow to earth ;
Though still she swooned not, but held close the
dog

And ever and anon she put her lips
To its' small head, and its' soft ears caressed.
For it would start and whimper like a child
Without such petting:—and poor Grethel felt—
With inward shuddering at such consciousness,—
That if the demon, hunting for the spot
Where she lay hidden, heard the beast's low
cry,

That deadly knife would still her own poor
heart.

Thus all night through the murderer vainly
searched

The gloomy grottoes, for he knew full well
Grethel had seen him do that foul deed
Of murder, for which he would surely hang,
Unless he ended her young life and testimony.
But as it were though some high miracle,
He ever missed the entrance to that cave
In which the hapless girl lay close concealed.
Then darkness into dawn began to melt
And that most dastard, fearing light and day
Lest the two fishers should return to find
The'r blasted homes and he their blaster there,
Sought out his boat, and pulled towards open
sea.

When Grethel heard the splashing of the oars
The nervous tension of her o'er wrought frame
Gave way, and fainting, prostrate down she fell.
She never knew how long she lay in swoon
When after hours of watching, as she deemed,
She heard her brothers at the landing-place.
She had not ventured forth before nor stirred,
But starting forward at the welcome sound
Her brothers' voices made in that dread spot
She slowly forced her way with stiffened joints,

Into their presence. Nor did she then know
Her hair was blanch'd as white as driven snow.

Thus ends the tale. I can not here set forth
In ink too pale to write, the vengeance sworn
By those poor fishers on the murderer ;
The blighter of their simple happiness,
Who had committed those most hellish crimes.
Alone I add that he his fate did meet
In time appointed by the hangman's rope
After a full confession of his sins.
And ever has the Isle of Smuttynose
Since that most dreadful night been called
'the dark'

The one black spot upon the Isles of Shoals,
Whose beauty as the ocean round them rolls
I have endeavored feebly here to sing ;
For rhymes are echoes, Flights from Fancy's
wing,

Which vainly strive to show the loveliness
Of Nature, in her ever-glorious dress.

DEAD LOVE

I met sweet Love one stormy night,
His face was wet with tears ;
For tempest-tossed, his path he'd lost,
And Passion mocked his fears.

I, pitying, drew him to my heart
And kissed his bandaged eyes.
And in my breast he sank to rest
As dove that homing flies.

Till wearied of the tender weight
I cast him forth again.
Passion had fled ; Desire was dead,
And Love was only pain.

But when he'd gone his loss I felt ;
And, prizing him too late
I sought and found him sorrow-crowned,
Beside Death's gloomy gate.

He vanished, and in bitter pain
Taught by Remorse, I knew
That cruel Fate had oped Death's gate,
And Love had swiftpassed through.

THE ROSARY

Life holds a fair white rosary,
Each pearl is one pure thought,
The slender chains on which they rest
Of Innocence are wrought.
From these is swung the crucifix
Of Self-denial strong
Inlaid with dazzling gems of Faith
And Love that knows no wrong.
To chosen souls this rosary
Without a price, is lent,
And must be worn with humble heart,
By those to whom 'tis sent :
That it may be returned at last,
With never spot or stain
To mar its beauty white, and pure,
When claimed by Life again.

THE HYMN OF THE LILIES

Sweet Lily-bells,
Let now your joyous notes be pealing.
Christ's risen power for all healing
Your news foretells.
Alleluia !

Soft, soft and clear
Fair flowers of Mary, speed your ringing,
That Heaven's triumphant chorus singing
All Earth may hear.
Alleluia !

In every heart
Let the soft echo of your numbers
Waken the joy that never slumbers
Nor can depart.
Alleluia !

Blossoms so sweet,
Yet e'en a sweeter message giving.
Chiming "Christ reigns immortal; living
His own to greet"
Alleluia !

Flowers snow-white,
Emblems of purity, forever
Teach earth to reach by true endeavor
Heaven's delight.
Alleluia !

Sweet Lily-bells,
By the soft music ye are pealing
Ye are to earth-worn hearts revealing
Love. Love immortal, love that risen
From the Tomb's portal to the skies,
Leads weary souls from out the prison
Of worldly care, until they rise
Free, in the glory of our Saviour-Lord.
Ring, ring your story then with one accord
Sweet Lily-bells.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

A SONG OF JUNE

In leafy June

The Robins sing a sweeter, tenderer song,
And daisies fleck the meadows with their
whiteness :

The bees hum midst the flowers all day long,
Where sunbeams dancing, shed their golden
brightness.

In leafy June

The Humming-birds that flit from bud to flower,
Are living jewels in the warm light gleaming :
The butterflies, so brilliant for an hour,
Are floating blossoms through the ether
streaming.

In leafy June

The wild Canary calls his tiny mate ;
Midst Honey-suckle deep their nest is hidden ;
The Chestnut blooms are spread like feast of
State,
To which the bees and butterflies are bidden,

In leafy June

The buttercups, a splash of living gold
Gleam brightly from the lush green of the
grasses ;
And lilac blooms their hidden sweets unfold,
A clustered richness no bright hue surpasses.

In leafy June

The clouds rest whiter in the Heaven's blue :
Myriad perfumes sweet the air are filling,
And soft is heard the Ring-Dove's gentle coo,
While Blackbirds, in the woods, their notes
are trilling.

In leafy June

The flaming Tulips with their hearts aglow,
From garden beds their colors gay are flaunting.
And sweet Syringa blooms like summer snow,
While Peonies their crimson robes are vaunting.

In leafy June

The Queen of Flowers blooms and in her name
Is crownèd all the Summer's fair completeness :
The Crimson Roses, with their hearts of flame,
And their pale sisters, drooping white in
sweetness.

In leafy June

The droning hum of insects in the air,
The Sun-rays that like golden arrows quiver,
All Life, acknowledging that Earth is fair,
At Nature's shrine will bless the bounteous
Giver,

In leafy June.

SLEEPY TIME SONGS



SLUMBER-SONG

A wee boat is sailing to Lullaby-Land,
—Sleep little Love on my heart—
Led by the Dustman's invisible hand
You too are ready to start.

Moonbeams will shine where the soft waves of
sleep
Lazily rock you to rest.
Babies in Dreamland forget how to weep !
—Cuddle then Sweet to my breast.—

Fair filmy clouds from the dim Slumber-vale
Float o'er the rippling sea;
Foamy the wake of the ship as you sail :
—Rest little Bird on my knee.—

Soft the night-air by the Dream-breezes fanned
Whispers a secret of charm;
—Safely at last in the Lullaby-Land
Sleep little Dear on my arm.—

THE DREAM-SWING

The moon hung low in a silver sky
Swinging by ropes of gold;
Ready to bear to the Sleep-land fair
The charge of the Dustman old.
She clasped two wee ones with ruffled curls,
Which . . . rippling breezes fanned,
As the joyous crew through the bright night
flew
At a touch from the Dustman's hand.

Higher and higher the golden swing
Rose till it reached the skies;
Where the stars at play, in the Milky way,
Twinkled with laughing eyes.
Hide-and-go-seek was the game they played
Mid clouds of a foamy white,
Where Rainbows grew out of Drops of Dew
Distilled by the Sunbeams bright.

A gay little wind came fluttering past
Winging its way to the Sea.
It had left its nest in the shimmering west
For a romp on the ocean free.
Laughed as it gently touched the swing
Which rested so high in air;
And its' pinions light blew the soft curls bright
Of the wee ones' tangled hair.

All night the moon watched over the two
As the hours went floating by,
Till a soft pink flush made the foam-clouds
Blush
High in the silver sky.
Then back to Earth flew the golden swing,
Through the Sleep-Land's shining lane;
And the Dustman smiled as he kissed each
Child,
And carried them home again.

THE FAIRIES LINEN

The filmy fine spun linen
Which the fairies weave each night
Is washed in pearly dew-drops
While the day is dawning bright.

They take the first small Sunbeams
To filter through the dew;
These tint the threads, where moonrays
Are broidered richly through.

The webs are all of gossamer
As frail as they are fair;
But the fairies always dry them
In the perfumed summer air.

So they stretch them o'er the meadows
Where a tiny breeze will pass
But we only call them cobwebs.
When we see them on the grass

THE WISHING-BIRD

The wishing-bird lives in a garden fair,
Where the Sun shines all day long;
And when once away from the Land of Day
You can hear his beautiful song
His voice is the sweetest you ever have known.
And his feathers are all of gold
You can see them shine in the lofty pine,
Where he swings in the garden old.

He has been there for hundreds and hundreds
of years,
And every single night
When the clock strikes eight, through the
garden gate
Troop little ones all in white.

They have come to see the wonderful bird,
And search for his feathers of gold,
Neath the tall pine-tree where he swings in
glee,
In the beautiful garden old.

For if a feather you chance to find
You may wish for whatever you please,
And as soon as you do it will all come true
And the only conditions are these—
You may play in the garden all night long,
With the treasures of that bright land,
But the feather of gold you must tightly hold
In the clasp of your dimpled hand.

So if you would go to that garden fair,
And search for this wonderful prize,
When Daylight has sped, you must nestle in
bed
And softly close your eyes.
And soon you will hear the beautiful song
Of the bird with the shining wings,
From his home so free, in the tall pine-tree,
Where he gaily sits and swings.

HEARTSEASE

"Tell me sweet pansies," cried a little maiden.
"Where do you get your glowing hearts of
gold?"
"Our hearts" the flowers replied, "are ever
laden
With humble love and trust, oh dear wee
maiden
And thus our petals true heartsease enfold."

DANDELIONS

Little yellow dandelions, every spring I watch
you grow

Coming first like gleams of sunshine, then you
change to tufts of snow.

Children love to cull your blossoms, as they
glimmer in the grass :

Golden nets, where waiting fairies catch the
sunbeams as they pass.

When your tufts of downy whiteness in the
meadows next appear

They are called the "clocks of summer"
blowing through the early year.

Little zephyrs tell the hours, which so lightly
float away;

Winged by Time they softly vanish, while the
breezes round them play.

LULLABY

Sleep little ruffy, fluffy bird

Safe in your downy white nest.

Nought need you fear, while your Mother is
near,

Crooning her darling to rest.

Drowsy white eyelids droop lower and close
Over the winkety eyes.

Mother-bird sings, and beneath her soft wings
Sheltered her little one lies.

A soft little wind comes fluttering near,
—Zephyry violet breeze.—

Kissing the cheek of the wee one asleep,
As it wings through the whispering trees :

The Moon too is sending a message of Love
On twinkly golden beams.
They fly to the nest of the birdie at rest
Bearing her beautiful dreams.

High over earth floats the scent of the flowers,
—Perfumy blossoming Stars.—
Breathing in air a soft fragrance of prayer,
Through tremulous nebulous bars.

So sleep little bird in your nest of soft down,
Mother-bird watches and sings.
While she is near, you have nothing to fear,
Safe, neath her shadowing wings.

THE MAGIC GATE

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes,
You can reach those bright blue skies,
Which you've often wished to see,
Gazing at them from my knee.
With the clouds, you too may play
Floating on them far away.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes
High and higher you can rise,
Till you see the bright stars glow
In the shadows far below;
While you soar through Distance dim
Seated on a Moon-beam's rim.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes
Drawn by two bright butterflies
At the rainbows you may peep,
While they're lying fast asleep,
On a cloud of silver grey,
Waiting for a rainy day.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes
You may watch the Dawn arise.
See her dressed in pearly hue
Rush across the sky to you;
While the Sun with merry voice
Calls the morning to rejoice.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes
All the land of Fancy lies.
So, my dearest, cuddle warm,
With your head on Mother's arm;
And while thus she sings to you
Ere you dream it you'll pass through
The gate of Close-your-eyes.

THE SUNBEAM'S HIDING-PLACE

The little sunbeams gay and bright
In Brenda's laughter dwelling,
All vanished when the tear-drops came,
A rainy day foretelling.

But when she smiled the little rogues
Returned in manner simple;
They'd lingered very near at hand
All hidden in her dimple.

THE SECRET

The little yellow dandelion blooming 'neath
the hill,
Has whispered to the buttercup that nods
beside the rill;
A tiny wind has listened while the flow'ret
told her tale :
With wings outspread, he bears the news across
the distant Vale.

The daisy in the meadow has poised her head
to hear
The secret that the zephyr is confiding to her
ear.
A bonny, bright-eyed robin has caught the
whisper low,
And soon he sings it blithely that all the world
may know.

"Spring has vanished, Spring has vanished !
Summer fair has come to stay.
Spring has vanished, Spring has vanished !
June's first rose has bloomed to-day."

THE PALACE OF DELIGHT

When the gates of Sleep are opened, bands of
little ones in white
Through them troop to seek the Palace of the
Kingdom of Delight :
Soon they reach the shining towers, where the
Fairy Princess dwells;
Built of clouds, all edged with sunbeams, high
among the Dreamy-dells.

All the Palace doors are open, and they see the
Princess fair,
With her crown of glittering jewels in her
flowing golden hair,
And they follow where she leads them through
her brightest garden bowers,
Where the tiny stars are growing,—lovely
brilliant Dreamland flowers.

When they step into the Palace, little Moon-
beams with them play,
While the Shadows slyly chase them, and as
quickly hide away.
All the rainbows stored in Cloudland, shine
with joy such fun to see,
And the lovely Fairy Princess claps her small
white hands in glee.
By and by the little Moonbeams swift must fly
away to bed,
And the Rainbows hide their colors. Dawn is
breaking overhead.
Then the Princess leads the children to the
gates of Sleep once more,
And with sweet farewells and tender, sees them
cross to Day's white Shore.

THE FAIRIES' SPINNING

In the dusk of summer evening,
When the moon-beams hang in air,
You will see the fairies spinning
Dainty garments soft and fair.
And they weave the golden star-light
Through their webs of spotless white,
That the shimmering lacy fabric
May shine far athwart the night.

When you see a diamond glitter
Where the trees are shadowed dark,
You will say it is a glow-worm
As you watch the tiny spark.
But it really is the turning
Of some fairy's star-lit wheel,
Which the filmy brodered dresses
Shining softly, thus reveal.

THE CROW'S SONG

Up on the top of the old Pine-tree
Where the black crow built his nest
High in the air, and hidden with care
The little crows safely rest.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —”

Who so merry as we?
Cries the old black crow from his nest so high
On the top of the tall pine-tree.

The three little crows cuddle soft and warm
Whenever the raindrops fall.
Snug in the shade of green branch laid
They fear no storm at all.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —” etc.

When the blustering wind roars through the
woods

The branches bend and sway.
But the old Pine-tree guards well the three,
And they think it is only play.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —” etc.

And when sun shines bright, and the world is
gay,

The three in the lofty nest,
Can peep at the sky, while at home they lie,
With a sunbeam for their guest.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —”

Who so merry as we?
Cries the old black crow from his nest so high
On the top of the tall Pine-tree.

WHERE SUN-SHADES GROW

While the blossoms fair are blowing.
—Roses, pinks, and Violets blue.—
Deep within their hearts are glowing
Golden sunbeams tipped with dew.
And they gather from the flowers
Ere the lovely tints have sped,
Hues to deck the sunset hours:
Painting clouds, hung far o'erhead.

When your sweetest blooms have faded,
If you watch the summer sky,
You will see their colors shaded
Through the rainbows set on high.
Or where Dawn is softly breaking
All their beauty richly glows,
While the clouds in turn are taking,
Tints of violet, pink, and rose.

THE DREAM-RABBIT

Chasing the rabbit of Sleep every night,
Go four little men in soft jackets of white.
Two of the hunters wear brown through the day,
And both of the others are clad in dark grey.

Just as the clock in the nursery strikes eight,
Little white jackets slip through Sleepy-gate :
Swiftly before them the Dream-rabbit flies,
Over the country where Slumberland lies.

Gaily they follow him all through the night
Till, with the morning, he jumps out of sight.
When he has vanished, they home again run.
Sleepy-gate closes, at touch of the Sun.

Four little hunters, at call of Daylight
Quickly will doff their soft jackets of white.
Let the Dream-rabbit run fast as he may,
Not one will seek for him, all through the day.

Eyelids are soft little jackets so white
Closed over sleepy, sweet eyes every night.
When the Gray Dustman has opened Sleep's door
Swiftly they chase the Dream-rabbit once more.

CRADLE SONG

Hushaby My Baby Sweet
Shimmering Moonbeams quiver,
Angels wait to guide thy feet
Over Sleep's fair river.
I can hear their rustling wings
As they softly fold them,
While thy Mother rocks and sings
Can'st thou Sweet, behold them?

Sleep and rest in By-lo-land
Whither Angels lead thee.
Loose thy clasp, thou dimpled hand!
Mother's kisses speed thee.
Brightest dreams surround thy head
Darling in thy slumber,
Angels whispering o'er thy bed
To a tuneful number.

Hushaby! Till Morn shall rise
Sleep on without waking;
Soft lids closing o'er thy eyes,
Till the Dawn is breaking.
Lashes darkening thy fair cheek
Then will lightly quiver;
Through the night, my darling seek
Peace, o'er Sleep's fair River.

THE CONCERT

Down in the field mid the daisies and clover
A Concert is going which lasts the day long :
Grasshopper green, such a gay, jolly, rover,
Fills all the air with his comical song.

Stout Bumble-bee, in his waistcoat of yellow,
Thunders his bass in a ponderous tone.
He is a very quick-tempered old fellow ;
He will sing only a tune of his own.

Then comes the treble of little Miss Cricket
Chirping "Be cheerful ! There's no need to fret!"
Katy-did's voice from the neighbouring thicket
Joins to hers in a merry duet.

There by the pool where his family is staying
Sounds the low boom of the Bullfrog's big drum.
Gay little Tree-frog his fife too is playing :
Orchestra they to the Flies' joyful hum.

Hark to the sound of the numerous voices,
Singing so loudly in merry refrain,
Chorus o'er which all glad Nature rejoices
" Beautiful summer has come once again. "

HUSHABY

Sleep little velvety Dove on my heart,
Droop your soft eyelids in rest.
Fear nought of harm while your Mother's warm
arm
Gathers you close to her breast.

Little waves lapping along the low shore
Whisper a drowsy-sweet song :
Softly they flow where the green rushes grow
Dreaming the hours along.

Gently the moon as she rocks in the sky
Lulls the wee birdies to sleep.
To my white Dove, she is crooning in love,
While the bright Stars their watch keep.

Slowly comes Night in her dim clinging gown
Kissing the slumbering flowers.
Sweetly she sings, and a dream-cloud she brings,
From the far Land of Lost Hours.

Velvety Dove, cuddle close to my heart
Droopy soft eyelids in rest.
Mother's warm arm will protect you from harm
Sleeping so safe on her breast.